

KNAVE



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**EXPOSED - Secrets Of
The Sex Experts!**

**PLUS
Nude TV Stars
Sex Scandal!**

**AND
How To Become
Prime Minister**



Why is Sissy wearing a fur rug?
All is revealed on page 4.



Sun, sea and painted ladies in
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ABC

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Sissy

Proof once more, if any were needed that the Knave Amateur Model slot does nothing but enhance a girl's prospects. Sissy here appeared at the end of last year, in Vol. 17 No. 12, since when she's been rapidly making her fortune. Cast your minds back and you'll remember that all she could afford at the time was a yellow choker with a plastic heart pointing at her cleavage. Compare that with her latest number — jewel studded necklace, fur coat, the works. There's Knave powered progress for you!



PHOTOGRAPHED BY K.K. JONES











CAUGHT

JEEPERS CREEPERS

Nice to see that models still crack up . . . er . . . I'll rephrase that! Nice to see that the girls are still prone to fits of the giggles in the studio and that someone is keeping the photographer sober enough to

capture the moment.

This one's Phyllis (the girl, you fool, not the photographer), and what's tickling her is the sight of 'El Gutto', the expansive Editor. Often, it must be admitted, the merest glimpse of this man and his sartorial felonies can drive more sensitive souls to tears, but what Phyllis can see, and

you can't, is that the old soak is in a state of unquestionably comic distress. He has, to fill you in, been helping the studio staff gather artefacts of arborial interest from the local spinney, and the way in which he is tying himself in a knot with one arm lodged inextricably up his left trouser leg and his voluminous bum twit-

ching violently under the tungsten lights, offers ample evidence that he has inadvertently brought back at least as much animal material as he has vegetable or mineral.

What is, on the other hand, about to tickle Phyllis — and in quite a different manner — is that those ivy creepers are literally crawling, and unless



CAUGHTSHORT

TEN FOR THE ROAD

There are two things, in my experience, which show a marked tendency to turn a man or woman to drink in unhealthy quantities — namely marriage and journalism. You can always pick out a married journalist in a crowd of tipplers with consummate ease. They're the ones pushing their livers around in a wheelbarrow.

In that short moment of comparative sobriety down at the Grievous Bodily Arms of an evening — just before the third pint of Scrundles Peculiar Old Throbbing Ale takes full brutal

effect — a chap is prone to meditate gloomily on his mortality and on the likely curtailment of his brief spell on this mortal coil by the ravages of those many bottles of multi-coloured tinctures littered about his sitting room, some of which (for all I know) may be something that was originally in Sainsbury's for stripping varnish from the bog seat and has since lost its label.

It is with great glee, then, that your correspondent can always turn to his clippings file to find some other poor bugger infinitely worse off than himself.

For example, six Muscovites were reported by Izvestia earlier

this year to have passed on to that great Soviet in the sky after a factory holiday piss-up, which left many others so poorly that doctors at a Moscow toxicology clinic had to work non-stop for more than two days to save further fatalities. The reason for this sudden outbreak of death was not, you may guess, that Russian beer packs all that much of a punch, but because the witless wankers had been tanking it up on a batch of stolen industrial methanol.

Perhaps the Soviet authorities will be thus encouraged to review the quality of chemistry teaching in the Union, although

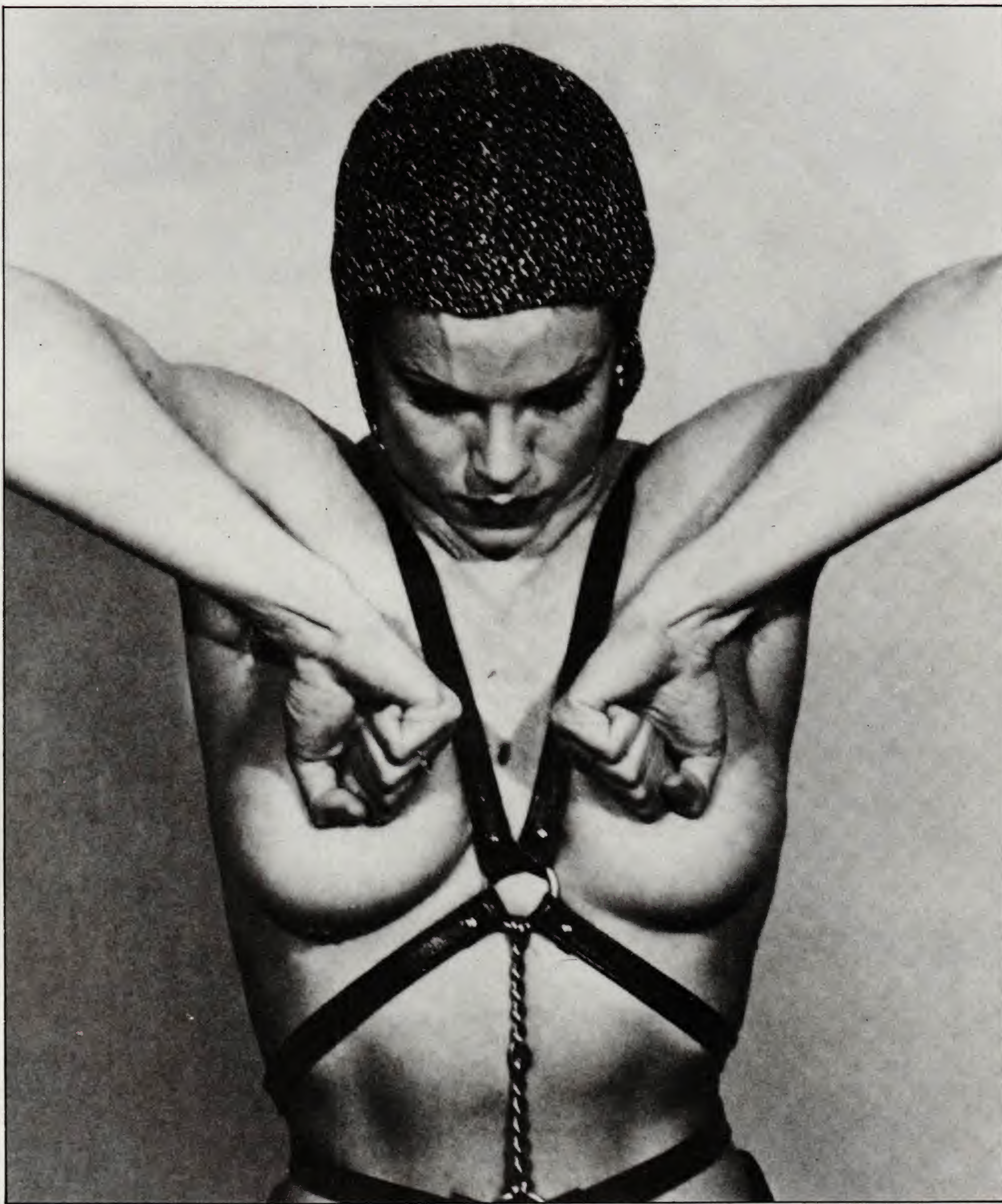
one suspects that your average *Sun* reader might easily make the same mistake. Come to think of it, your average *Sun* reader probably wouldn't notice that he *had* made the same mistake.

And whilst on the subject, it seems only fitting to mention one of the most pathetic suicide attempts it has ever been my pleasure to unearth. Prompted, no doubt, by the then current Austrian wine scandal, a Munich man last year decided to end it all by gargling copiously with wine he had laced with anti-freeze. It hardly needs saying, I suppose, that he failed. Wonder what the German is for '*Sun*

I'm very much mistaken there's an entire platoon of woodlice preparing a death-and-glory suicide mission of exchanging one patch of undergrowth for another kind of bush entirely. Tee hee! Anyone want to see some photographs of a very pretty naked contortionist . . . ?

GOLD MEDAL OR BUST

A classic from the Knave archives here, showing the East German champion Renate Rolltreppe during a crucial manoeuvre at the 1968 World Nipple Tweaking Championships in Helsinki, (not Brest, as you thought I was going to say. You think I make this stuff up, don't you?) From lying second after the obligatory figures, breast stroke and individual medley, Renate went on to snatch the Gold in the freestyle section with this remarkably complicated butterfly jerk with double axle, going into a pike and half twist with toe loop (degree of difficulty 9.8) and scoring a perfect six when she pulled both teats off entirely, sadly thus putting her team out of the running in the 4x36B relay. And no, we're not going to show you a picture of the final result. This is, after all, a respectable family magazine. Honest!



reader'?

But where does the marriage angle come into all this, you are asking yourselves. Well, not only does the state of wedlock reduce its sufferers to a battle with the bottle — the sudden onset of freedom can also take its toll. One London man was so delighted last year at his divorce (and particularly at the £2,000 settlement awarded to him by the court) that he embarked upon a campaign of alcoholic ingestion of such monumental proportions — it was later described as a 'superbinge' — that he achieved a blood alcohol level of some 509 mg per 100 ml, plus his

very own personal slab at the mortuary. You'd have thought that even marriage was preferable.

I have frequently come across cases of alcoholic poisoning occasioned by inadvisable wagers in this country, but I don't think I have ever seen one quite so odd as that of the two south-east Indians who pegged out earlier this year competing for their wristwatches. The municipal workman and rickshaw puller involved were, apparently, in a spirits drinking contest in which the first to drop out forfeited his chronometer, but it seems the grim reaper

prematurely called time on the both of them. It sometimes strikes me that the old chap with the scythe must be distantly related to my landlord.

There is, however, hope for all downheartened sots out there, with the news, unveiled by the University of Illinois in Chicago last February, that laboratory animals which were given beer instead of water showed a markedly lower tendency to develop cancers than those clean living types restricted to plain H₂O. The scientist in charge stressed that this did not necessarily imply that beer prevented cancer, but I for one

believe this spoilsportish dampener should be treated with the contempt it so clearly deserves. We Scrundles casualties, after all, need all the cheery tidings we can get.

Intriguing, by the way, to read on the very same day as the above report, an account of the sudden disappearance of the gastric brooding frog from the rain forest of Queensland, Australia, only two years after its discovery there. Could it possibly be, do you suppose, that they're all over in a Chicago laboratory getting pissed as newts?

Pending their discovery, could you make mine a pint?

PHYLLIS

We went to a lot of trouble with this set. Derelict house — needs a tree-stump, we thought. Out we went. Racing around country lanes in torrential rainstorms. Stealing logs from under the noses of irate landowners. Fending off rabid pheasants, mad dogs and murderous foresters with chainsaws. And you should have seen the bloody mess we made on the back seat of the company Audi Quattro — squashed spiders, dead lichens, three feet of instant leaf-litter and a none-too amused squirrel. Still, we got the thing back and in position, eventually. "Park yer arse on that log, Phyllis," said our photographer, affecting sartorial elegance. "Wouldn't touch it with a clapped out vibrator," replied Phyllis, "I'd only get honey-fungus or splinters or something. I'll stick to the window-sills and the ivy, thank you very much."

There's gratitude!







PHOTOGRAPHED BY IAN POTTER







KATIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IAN POTTER



I suppose you're getting pretty sick of us whining about the difficulties encountered in building these astonishingly exotic sets. You're not alone, we're getting fed up with it ourselves. We're basically light-hearted, casual, laid-back funsters who'd sooner be having a chuckle than a moan. But this set was a real bastard. There were no instructions with the sail-board, the tide dumped a hundredweight of used condoms and dead gannets on us, and the Editor got seasick as soon as someone switched on a cassette of the Beach Boys.

It was worth it, though. As soon as Katie arrived with not much to wear, we began to feel better. And when she began to discuss the sexual appeal of windsurfing even the Editor smiled — mind you, that could be because he was rubbing sun-tan oil into her delicious, young, firm but yielding flesh. Very thorough, he was too, it took him six hours to make sure he hadn't missed any vital bits!















KATIE
KNAVE MAGAZINE





Erica

Judging by the letters that flood into our office, it would seem that the Scandinavian girls bring out the animal in our otherwise cultured and refined readership. Erica, we predict, should get you rushing to dust off your typewriters, polish up your word processors, fill your quills and put lead in your pencil. We can hardly wait to hear how you liked her hat, or how you drooled over her leg warmers. Not that many of you will bother with anything so mundane. It'll be straight into praising her jumper lifting habit, gynaecological descriptions of her charms and torrid tales of carnal lust. Can't say that I blame you . . .



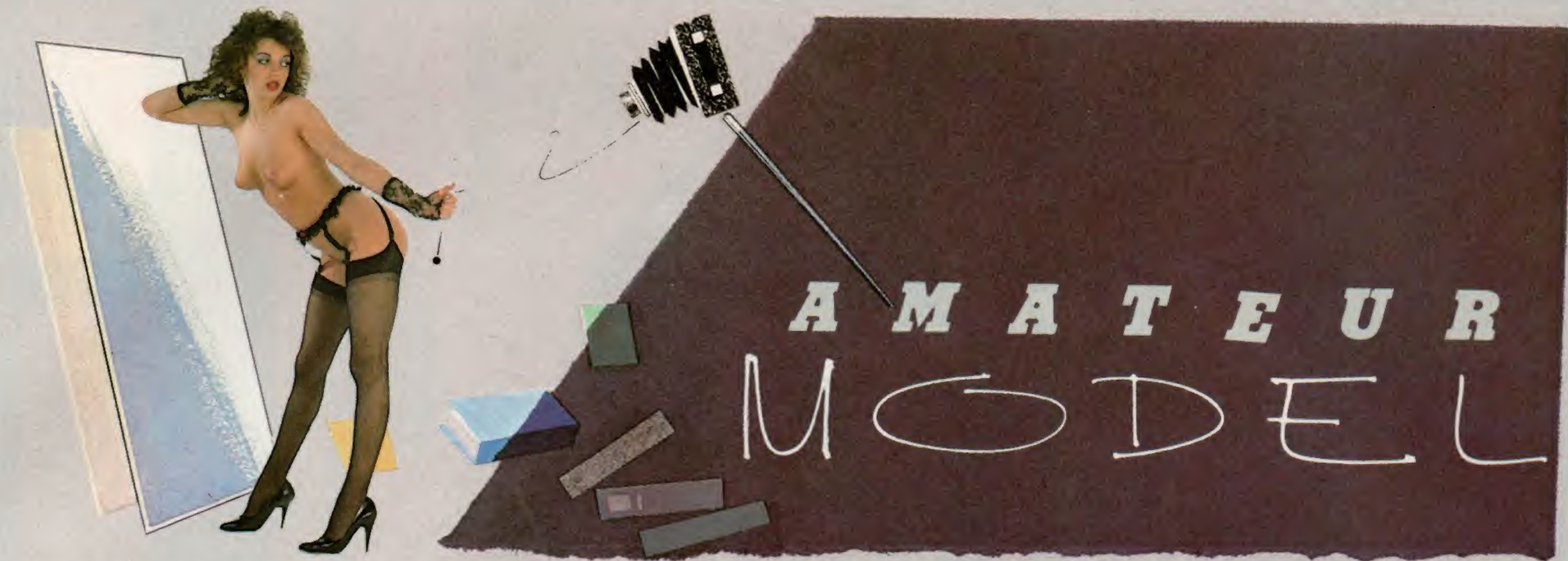
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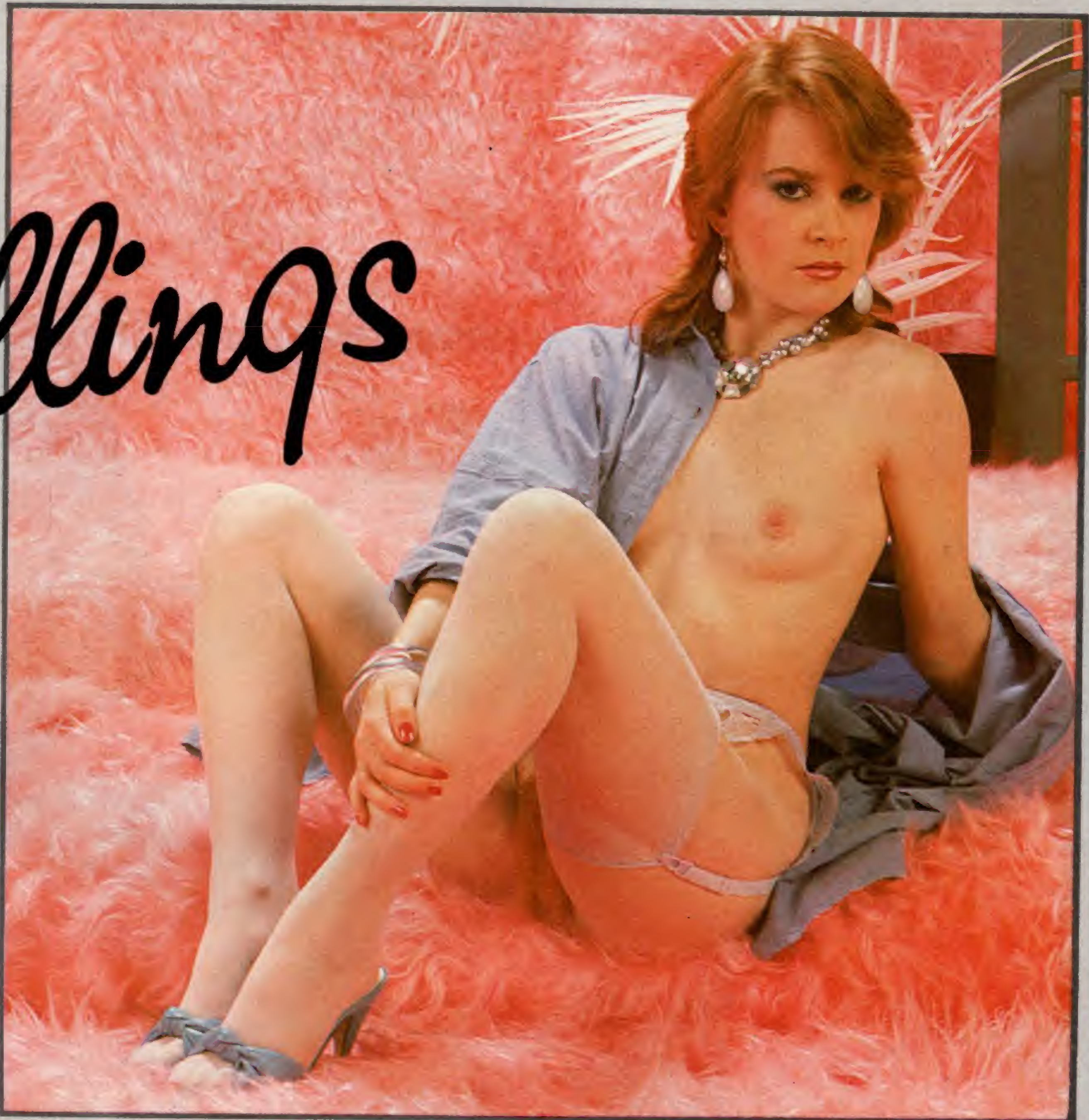




This girl did it — so could you. If you think you could make it as one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form below and send it in with a few rude nude pictures of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude — front and back view.

Sarah Collings

Sarah was born in Hastings in 1964, which was a good year for redheads, so I'm told. Now she lives in Bath where she's busy working as an interior designer. The Editor nearly flipped when he heard about her job, he wandered off into the sunset muttering something about having designs on her body — I don't think he was talking about decorations, either!



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROGERS

Scissors icon and dashed line indicating where to cut.

Send to: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

MODEL'S NAME.....	PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME.....
ADDRESS.....	ADDRESS.....
TELEPHONE NO.....	TELEPHONE NO.....
DATE OF BIRTH.....	SIGNATURE.....
SIGNATURE.....	DATE PHOTOS TAKEN.....

If we like the photos you send us, we'll invite you to our studio for a day's modelling — and pay you £200! And we'll pay £25 to whoever took your photos. We provide a professional make-up artist and photographer — and an enjoyable day out! Come on, girls, let's see your photos!





'Tickled pink' was how Sarah described her feelings when she heard that we wanted her to be this month's Amateur Model. We took her at her word — sprawled her over a fluffy pink set. The Editor even brought his feather duster along, but the photographer insisted on confiscating it.







bobby



PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Just in case you hadn't noticed, the football season is with us once again. Less than two months after the World Cup final, your TV screen is again filled with lots of blokes running around trying to kick one another (and occasionally the ball). But seriously, though, the start of the season is a time for dreaming. Arsenal — dreaming of winning something for a change. Wimbledon — dreaming of staying in the First Division. Torquay United — dreaming of a win sometime this decade. As for Bobby here — she has a special dream. What might that be, you ask? "I want to streak naked across the pitch at Wembley during an England international!" she tells us, giggling. She's bold enough to do just that — so keep your eyes glued to the box when England's European Championship campaign starts . . .







